Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars* in swathing cloathes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbishops grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neerest and dearest enemy?
That thou art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And god forgive them, that so much have swaide
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it,
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this al-praised Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For every honour sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart,
This in the name of god I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd, I shall performe.
I do beseech your Majesty may salve,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thousand deathes,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt have charge, and soveraine trust herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake off.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shrewesbury*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,
With him my sonne Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,
For this advertisement is five dayes old,
On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selves will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Gloucester-shire*, by which account
Our busines valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meete.
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old *Ladies* loose gowne. I am withered like an old apple-*John*. Well, i'le repent, and that suddenly while I am in

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